

TROP DE ZÈLE.

[At Cambridge, Mr. E. G. BROWNE, University Lecturer in Persian, has recently been elected to the Professorship of Arabic. In addition to these languages, "Mr. BROWNE," says the *Cambridge Review*, "has acquired an extensive knowledge of Turkish. This last circumstance seems, oddly enough, to have been urged as a positive disqualification by at least one eminent member of the Senate, when it was proposed to make Mr. BROWNE a University Lecturer."]

It is clear that at least one eminent member of the Cambridge Senate is prepared to grapple with the educational problem. A time will no doubt come when the matter of disqualifications will be treated as seriously as it deserves, and when a board of inquisitors will be appointed to look into it. Then we may expect something like this:—

SCENE:—The Board Room. PERSONÆ:

Three Inquisitors seated at a long table covered with green baize and furnished with ink-pots, pens, and paper. The Inquisitors have the eagle eye and stern brow proper to Heads of Houses.

Enter Mr. A., candidate for the Latin Chair.

First Inquisitor (blandly). Good morning, Mr. A., please sit down. Your qualifications have, of course, been fully considered elsewhere. It is for us only to ask you a few minor questions. You are, I think, acquainted with Greek?

Mr. A. (modestly). I have learnt a little.

Second Inquisitor (suspiciously). You have not edited any of the Greek Classics?

Mr. A. (hastily). Oh dear no. I only knew just enough to scrape through my Tripos, and I hope by now I have forgotten that.



'GOOD-BYE, DOLLY, I MUST LEAVE YOU!'

First Inquisitor. Perhaps, then, we may overlook the Greek. (His colleagues nod in acquiescence.) You do not by any chance read or speak Italian?

Second Inquisitor. Or Spanish?

Third Inquisitor. Or German?

Mr. A. (answering all three). Not a word, I assure you—wittingly at least.

Second Inquisitor. You have not dabbled in Hebrew, of course?

Mr. A. Of course not; I am not a theologian.

[The Board converses privately in low tones for a minute or two, and then the Third Inquisitor says, suddenly, "Quelle heure est-il, s'il vous plaît?" The Machiavellian device succeeds, and, quite taken off his guard, Mr. A. consults his watch.

The Inquisitors (together). Ah! [They shake their heads gravely and inform Mr. A. that he may go. He goes.

First Inquisitor. He won't do. It would be fatal—that knowledge of French.

[They agree.

Enter Mr. X. the other candidate.

Third Inquisitor (guilefully). Bitte nehmen Sie Platz, Herr X.

Mr. X. (somewhat taken aback). I beg your pardon. I don't understand French.

[The Inquisitors murmur approval, and then ask him the usual questions about all the languages they can think of. Mr. X. denies everything stoutly.

First Inquisitor. Then we may take it, Mr. X., that, with the exception of Latin, you are completely uninformed?

[Mr. X. assures him warmly that it is so.

Third Inquisitor. In fact you know nothing but Latin?

Mr. X. (after a little consideration). Well, in point of fact, now I come to think of it, I don't know Latin either. I may honestly say that I know nothing at all.

The Inquisitors again murmur approval, and consult together for a while.

First Inquisitor (speaking finally). Well, Mr. X., we may venture to congratulate you, I think. Apart from the Latin difficulty, which may be easily surmounted, you appear to have no disqualifications whatever, and we shall be able to report accordingly.



IN THE FASHION.

Mr. Punch. "IMITATION, MY DEAR, IS THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY."

THE DIRGE OF THE PENNY DERELICT.

[Mr. AUSTIN DON, managing director of the Thames Steamboat Company, defends its present state of coma on the ground that "the advent of a Council" (the L.C.C.) "pledged to the municipalisation of everything, gave birth to a stream of detraction of the existing service which has never ceased to flow" (meaning the detraction) "to the great prejudice of all honest efforts for its improvement" (meaning the service).]

Flow on, great highway, past the spot
Which marks the fate of ties that sever,
For ships may pass, or they may not,
But I am rooted here for ever.

Once fleet as Dian when she pinked
With flying spear the fluttered roe-doe,
My gift of speed is now extinct,
My Manager become a Doedoe.

Time was when up and down thy tide,
This side and that, a devious ranger,
I have evoked the City's pride,
The hopeless envy of the stranger.

Far from the traffic I would ply
Between thy panoramic marges
In placid silence tempered by
The oaths that emanate from barges.

Pure whiffs of ozone off the main,
Blown up thy course as through a tunnel,
Would blend with fine carbonic rain
Emitted by my ardent funnel.

On systems choked with London grime
I used the force of Nature's physic,
Taking my friends from time to time
As far as Hammersmith or Chiswick.

All that is gone with yesteryear!
A course of contumely and rancour
Has made me lock my paddle-gear,
And permanently lie at anchor.

Stagnation holds my palsied wheel;
Inertia reigns from stem to rudder,
Save when the limpets on my keel
Cause an involuntary shudder.

As I survey the horizon's verge
From an imaginary masthead,
I am compelled to sing the dirge
Of prospects practically blasted.

No more shall I conduct apace
Upon their element (the water)
The scions of a sailor race,
The Norseman's son, the Viking's daughter.

No more about my foaming wake
The guzzling gull shall wheel and frisk it,
Screaming with glee to swoop and take
The damaged bun or sodden biscuit.

I had a hope, but that is dust,
(Hey, as the phrase is, nonny! nonny!)
That MORGAN might induce his Trust
To plant me on the river Suwanhee.

Many have marvelled why his gold
Was not employed in that direction;
One cannot guess: perhaps the old
"Old folks at home" raised some objection.

Well, well! flow onward all the time,
Flow on, I say, majestic river;
While I, as in the hallowed rhyme,
Stick fast for ever and for iver.

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

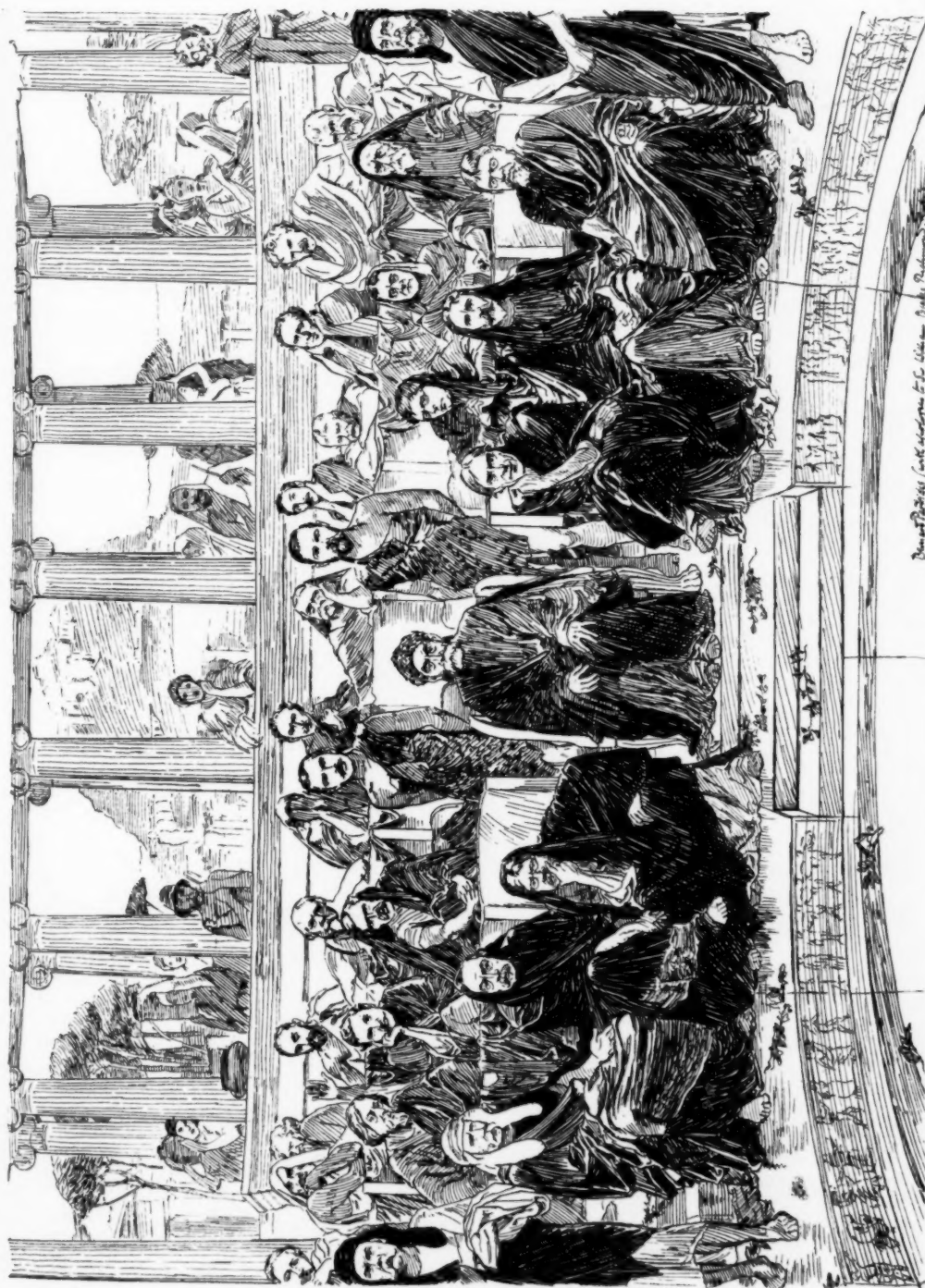
THE pleasure of reading *Recollections of Dublin Castle and of Dublin Society* (CHATTO & WINDUS) is marred by their almost spiteful tone. "A Native's" memories of Dublin fifty years ago and later exhibit that scornful dislike of his own race peculiar to the Irish. It found its fullest, certainly its widest known illustration, in the deliberations in Committee Room No. 15, following on the fall of PARNELL. "A Native" almost audibly grinds his teeth when he writes about his countrymen and countrywomen in Dublin "reverencing, to all but prostration," the Lord Lieutenant and his Court. He describes with vivid force the struggle to touch the hem of the garment even of members of the Viceroy's suite. As he himself occasionally succeeded in obtaining invitations to join the Court circle, there is no reason to be angry with others equally fortunate, or scornful of those who, after infinite endeavour, failed. My Baronite, who (it is mentioned with bated breath) has more than once in modern times been a guest at the Viceregal Lodge, saw nothing of this cringing and fawning. Rather the reverse, there being apparently deliberate design on the part of the citizens of Dublin to boycott the representative of the Sovereign. But things are beheld from different points of view. "A Native's" *Recollections* are valuable as giving a peep at Dublin Castle and Dublin society as far back as the time of the seventh Earl of CARLISLE, Lord Lieutenant in 1855-8.

If you cannot go to the Academy the next best thing is to get the Academy to come to you, which in effect it does when the fact of its existence is vividly brought home to you in *The Royal Academy Supplement to the Magazine of Art* (CASSELL & Co.), of which useful and ornamental work the first four numbers will be out during this month, one of them having already appeared. In this is included, delicately printed in colours, the charming picture by ALFRED EAST, A.R.A., entitled *The Valley of the Lambourne*, "a really valley-able reproduction," says one of the Baron's junior assistants, who is at once reprimanded severely by

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT AT THE ALHAMBRA.

THE weather has been exceptionally trying. Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, to be quite up to date, has produced his March in May. May, so far—that is, up to the 14th [the date of this note]—has not been a success, but this "Coronation March," by ALEXANDER the Great, *is*. So "sound the trumpets, beat the drums," and all in to begin! As in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, "Kettle began it," so here, the Kettle-drums, arranged on the stage, with trumpets to blow off the steam, commence the Coronation March, breathing of battle and conquest. The subsequent *suave* movements in Sir ALEC's composition subtly indicate the conferences of the delegates and the proposals of peace. During this the trumpets cease from blowing. This March is, presumably, to be played in the Abbey on Coronation Day, when the effect will be far more striking than now, as the drums and trumpets, for which the available space in the Alhambra Orchestra was insufficient, had to be ranged in a line on the stage above. Even at this disadvantage the March was fairly effective, and Sir ALEC bowed his acknowledgments to a much gratified audience. If, before it be heard in the Abbey, Peace, which is now only in the air, should become the leading motive, then how grand will be the effect produced by the perfect harmony of the finale! The warlike drumming will cease; and gentle "wind" and diplomatic "strings" will, *grazioso*, lead up to the grand triumphal *fortissimo* of Jubilant Peace!



Painted by R. B. (with engraving by the artist) and R. B. 1902

A COUNCIL AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
(After the "Richmond Gem" in the Birmingham City Art Gallery.)



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 12,
—Long time since Opposition looked soas TRILBY used to say, accepted it.
Exit Little Tuppenny.Bury Election crowns rare access of
joy on Opposition benches. A seat won
by reversal of substantial majority;miraculously shrunken by operation of
Corn Tax of shilling a hundredweight,
he flashed forth long series of epigrams,
effectively finishing by chucking loaves
at head of ST. MICHAEL by way of
peroration.*Business done.*—Second reading of
Budget Bill.*Friday night.*—The Millennium is
coming—on a motor-car. JOHN SCOTT
MONTAGU, M.P.—for loving-kindness
known among his friends as JOHN *tout*
court—says so, and ALFRED HARMSWORTH
backs him up. Indeed, the latter, ahead
of the century as is his constitutional
habit, rather suggests it has actually
arrived. Certainly, for a motorist, per-
sonal possession of a minimum of eight
cars indicates the Millennium state.
ALFRED HARMSWORTH seems to have an
indefinite number.Whilst House winding up affairs
before Whitsun holidays, been reading
last volume of *The Badminton Library*
(LONGMANS). In the chapter on the
choice of a motor A. H. writes, "I am
running at present four cars of French
construction, two of American, two of
English, and some others which are
practically English. Three are driven
by petrol, three by steam, and two by
electricity."Persons About to Motor will find the
volume indispensable. Those whom
Providence has already blessed with a
motor-car will discover in it many
wrinkles. Arrangement of contribu-
tions admirable. Our dear JOHN leads
the way with a chapter on the utility of
motors; a practical paper, excellently
written, making us all wonder how we
could have lived so long without the

SIR W-LL-M H-RC-RT.

"COULD YOU ON THIS FAIR MOUNTAIN LEAVE TO FEED,
AND BAITEN ON THIS MOOR?" *Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 4.*united, or were actually so jubilant.
Two reasons: *Item*, result of Bury
Election: *Item*, withdrawal of Cheque
Tax. Last week my revered Master
had a picture representing ST. MICHAEL
as a keeper, with BULL more or less
patiently bearing the baiting of those
sad dogs, Income Tax and Corn Tax,
irate beyond control at the pecking and
shrill barking of the Twopenny Stamp
on cheques."Come on, Tuppenny! We'd best
get out of this."The hint appeared on Wednesday.
To-day, amid hearty cheering from both
sides, ST. MICHAEL announces that he
has, more or less humbly, "altogether,"only regret that, by chance, rebuff is
delivered to disadvantage of a good
fellow. "He is an old friend of mine,"
said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, dropping a
tear over discomfiture of HARRY LAWSON.
Many others on both sides of House can
say the same. We remember him in an
older Parliament, a Member of the right
sort. A hard worker, a man of the
world and of business, alert, clear-
headed, lucid, and not too frequent in
speech. However, as MARK LOCKWOOD
says, "HARRY LAWSON may be Bury-ed,
but his motto is *Resurgam*."In circumstances SQUIRE OF MALWOOD
in fine fettle. With large quartern
loaf in one hand, in the other a loaf

J-hn A-rd.



R-dm-nd.

motor-car. Then comes ALFRED HARMSWORTH with his modest experiences. The most comfortable motor-car he knows is one of his eight, "modelled on the lines of the travelling carriages of our grandfathers." Our grandfathers would sit up in their graves if they caught a vision of this vehicle, "with room for an engineer and valet in front, and four passengers disposed inside," with accessories of a hamper and other trifles. It was in this luxurious equipage that JOHN and A. H. lately journeyed from Paris to Monte Carlo, passing at top speed on their way the ghosts of generations of other light-hearted young Englishmen making the grand tour in quite other circumstances, a journey for them long since ended in the tomb.

Sir DAVID SALOMONS describes his motor stable in his country house near Tunbridge Wells. It reads more like particulars of a Royal Palace. Then there is a chapter by Sir HENRY THOMPSON, the Friend of Man, who lives and dines an octave higher than anyone else in Wimpole Street. He deals with motor-cars in connection with health, on which he reports almost ecstatically. Incidentally he suggests a



"Speaks for itself."

pretty picture. He admits one disadvantage of motoring in absence of exercise for the muscles of the leg. "I have," he adds, "found it may be to some extent overcome by alighting at the end of a drive of twenty miles and running smartly for about two hundred or three hundred yards."

Here is suggestion for a picture from Sir HENRY's own facile brush. The gay Octogenarian doing a three hundred yards spin along the hard highway; behind him Time, hampered by his scythe, hopelessly racing.

Business done.—Adjourned for Whitsun recess.

JEEMS, M.P.

[M. PROSPER MANIN pleaded in his election address that he desired to represent the domestic servants of his country.—*Westminster Gazette.*]

PARLOURMAIDS, rouse ye! and up, O ye nurses!

Scullery drudges and cooks, make a stand!

No longer content with your impotent curses,

Rise, rise on your tyrants! the hour is at hand!

Butler and page-boy, groom, footman and valet,

How long will ye cravens and menials be?

Ye minions, be men! Round your champion rally—

Up! Poll in your thousands! Elect me M.P.

Cooks that curse the kitchen fire,

Cooks that in the smoke perspire,

Will ye sell your souls for hire?

Strike for liberty!

Housemaids, feel ye not a twinge

While to tyrants base ye cringe,

Reft of followers and fringe?

Up and follow me!

Nursemaids, doomed the pram to drag

O'er the mud and burning flag,

While your weary footsteps lag,

Down with tyranny!

Butlers, toiling o'er your plate,

Slaving early, slaving late,

Will ye bow to such a fate?

Rise! Be men! Be free!

Footmen, waiting in the halls

Till your lord and master calls,

Will ye live for ever thralls?

Vote for JEEMS, M.P.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

II.—AN AFTERNOON WITH ANTIQUITY.

OUR predominant sensation is one of acute contrast as out of an atmosphere of Bank Holiday New Oxford Street and the Twopenny Tube we suddenly walk into the precincts of the past. To-day

the interior presents a curious aspect: children swarm everywhere, playing touch or sucking oranges among the relics of antiquity; one small boy is being cautioned by an official as we enter for endeavouring to use a mouth-organ in the Sculpture Galleries. One party of youngsters is in the charge of an elder sister, with her hair up and a short skirt.

"Now, ANNIE, be've yerself now an' don't touch the things; they don't want you a-fingerin' of 'em. ELBERT, leave the articles alone—I wonder what all the stone ladies and gentlemen would think of yer now if they was to wike up. Be've now."

"Wot 's this?" remarks a wit in yellow boots before the Canephora. "Ca-ry-a-tid. Well, she can carry a tidy lot on 'er onion, eh, FLO?" and moves on to describe the Apollo Citharæus as a "corf drop."

We make our way into the Egyptian Galleries.

"These ancient Egyptians," states a lady with a lorgnette before a statue of SEKHET, "must have been people of a very inferior mind. Now whoever dreamt of a woman with a lion's head—let alone wanting to reproduce it."

"They must have been insane," rejoins the other; and unable conscientiously to show more leniency than this to the ancient Egyptians, they pass on to patronise tolerantly the Athenian Cavalry.

Here is gathered a small rustic group.

"Well, I'm very sorry," says a healthy-looking girl, "but I can't see any prettiness about it."

"Ah, well," explains a large swain in sky-blue trousers, "you must remember it is very old, you know, and chipped about an' all that. P'raps it was better when it was new."

The party seems on the whole only too glad to have found this excuse for it, and wanders good-naturedly off.

We turn into the Assyrian Galleries. The bas-reliefs depicting the lion-hunts of Assur-bani-pal seem in strange contrast to the parquet floor beneath, where the elder sister is reproving ELBERT for sliding. A young lady with a husband in attendance has for some time been gazing thoughtfully across the gallery.

"Yes, FRED," she remarks eventually, "I think I shall have the drawing-room done like that for the 25th. I saw some stuff at SHOOLBRED'S . . ."

We catch a fragment of conversation from two pretty girls who have just come in.

" . . . So he said, 'Mayn't I even see you as far as Gower Street Station?'—Oh, ETHEL, what a lovely place for a dance!"

"Rather gloomy, isn't it?" returns the other, "with all those ugly things

about. The floor would be all right if they could put up some fans and flags and art muslin, and so on, to make it look a bit bright."

Retracing our steps, we follow the direction of an attendant towards the Mummy Room, painfully conscious as we pass of a cast of RAMESES II. gazing through a pair of glass doors at the coffee urns of the Refreshment Room. Going up the steps we meet the lorgnette ladies coming away.

"They were not a nice people," one of them is saying. "What horrid minds! I feel sure they must have been dirty in their habits."

The Mummy Room seems to be the centre of attraction in the building. A very marked interest is displayed in the cakes of camphor—which all alike greet enthusiastically as soap—in the glass cases. These in fact seem almost to rival the mummies themselves in point of the attention bestowed upon them.

"Eight 'undred an' fifty years B.C.!" exclaims a horsey man with a friend in a seedy frock-coat. "Lord, 'Arry, that's 'orrible old, that is, an' no mistake!"

"If yer believe it," rejoins his friend. "Ow der we know it's true? We've only got their word fer it. They're not goin' ter get me ter take it in. Bodies in 'em? Don't you believe it, my boy. They get 'em up very real, I grant yer."

By far the largest crowd has gathered round the facsimile sandstone grave where the unwrapped mummy of the Neolithic period is calling forth a variety of comments.

"Look at the pore feller . . ."

"Ow would yer like to be like that, DICKIE?"

"Was 'e ever alive, Farver?"

"There's 'air!" (This from Yellow Boots.)

"He looks as if he'd been struggling," remarks a young woman with a feather.

"P'raps 'e was buried alive, GERT," hazards her young man.

"They wouldn't a done that, would they?" gasps GERT.

"Lor bless yer, yes," returns the young man, with the consciousness of erudition. "Crool times they was! Roast yer or somethin' as soon as look at yer."

We pause on our way out again to listen to an unwashed Egyptologist, who is expounding to a small respectful group at the top of the staircase.

"Only 'igh-class people it was—kings, an' 'eads of 'ouses, an' big pots gen'rally—fellers like CICIL RHODES yer know. Oh, you 'ad to be some class ter be buried that way, yer know. Wot was the pots and pans for in the grave there? Why, funeral offrins fer pore people. The frens an' relations went ter the cemet'ry, an' each sorter stood

by an' threw one in. Yer'll notice, the rich people 'ad paintins on the cases. That's it reely. If yer was rich yer 'ad paintins, if yer was pore yer 'ad pots. Civilised? oh no, not like we are. They were 'eathen, yer know. Their religion was the same as the incient Greek religion. Oldest religion in the world, thet was. Sime as they've got now in modern Russia."

It is five o'clock. Not without regret we leave the charms of popular Egyptology, and, descending the stairs, make our way out of the building and towards the street. Again we are overwhelmed by the forcible contrast. So, evidently, is the young lady with the husband who is in front of us.

"You know, FRED," she remarks, "a little of that sort of thing goes a very long way. One thing, though—it does make you appreciate being out in the civilised world again."

And with a sigh of relief she turns into Great Russell Street.

A FATAL GIFT.

[*"M. DE MONTÉPIN, who made a huge fortune by writing serial stories of mystery and crime for the French newspapers, once told an interviewer: 'I was the first to grasp the fact that the novel of the future must be the sort of novel that the grisette would spread out on the workshop table and read while she was eating her pennyworth of fried potatoes.'"*—*Westminster Gazette*.]

WHEN others sought with subtle pen
And labour to portray
The humours that their fellow-men
In daily life display;

When character in every part
They diligently sought,
And even tried to make their art
Provocative of thought;

When every polished sentence bore
The labour of the file,
And authors did not quite ignore
Their grammar and their style;

Then saw I easily enough
How all my brethren erred:
Take nature for your model? Stuff!
Make readers think? Absurd!



Irish Maid. "DO YOU WANT A GOOD BEATING, MASTER JIMMY, OR DO YOU NOT? BECAUSE, IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE YOURSELF THIS MINUTE—YOU'LL GET BOTH!"

A task more simple shall be mine.
Sensation shall be spread
On every page, and every line
With murder shall be red,

Till on my tales of curdling crime
Shall every poor grisette
Spend all her little leisure time,
And in their charm forget

The golden chips that used to be
The joy of dinner-hours,
What time my penny dreadful she
More greedily devours.

Nor shall her fondness be abused:
That she may still digest,
Although her fancy be amused,
I'll keep her brain at rest.



A TOWER OF STRENGTH.

THE NEW HERO-WORSHIP.

(In the manner of Lear on himself.)

"I lately called upon Dr. ISEN . . . He was sitting in his drawing-room, reading his *Little Eyolf*, when I entered. . . . His hair and whiskers are white as snow. . . . His colour is healthy, and his dark-blue eyes are as beautiful as ever. . . . The left one seems to be larger than the other, and when he looks at you, you feel as if he is searching your soul through and through. . . . At one time the elegantly-attired old gentleman was to be seen as regularly as the clock in the little reading-room of the Grand Hotel, where, seated in an armchair that bore his name, and which was reserved for the grand old poet, he read the local and the foreign newspapers."

—*Christiania Correspondent of the Daily Chronicle.*

How pleasant to know Doctor ISEN
 who writes such agreeable plays!
 How pleasant to read them (in cribs)
 And Chronicle duly his ways.

His hair and his whiskers are white;
 His eyes are unequal in size;
 (The smaller of them is the right)
 But they're perfectly lovely blue eyes.

His manners are simple and mild;
 He's the most unassuming of hosts;
 His Ducks are inclined to be Wild,
 He's a rooted believer in Ghosts.

He lives in a House full of Dolls;
 He wears the most elegant suits;
 And a bevy of musical trolls
 Are chartered to polish his boots.

He sits in a sumptuous chair
 Called "Ibsen," the living day long;
 He searches your soul with his stare,
 But he doesn't excel at ping-pong.

He dines off a shrimp or a snipe,
 His only hotel is the Grand;
 Doctor RANK is the name of his pipe,
 His favourite monkey is BRAND.

A WORD FROM CAMBRIDGE.

(Extracted from the Letter of a Don on the Cam to a Don on the Isis.)

"As to the manner in which you are all talking and prophesying in regard to the bequests of the late Mr. RHODES, it seems to me insane. Even the unemotional *Times* gives way to hysterics and talks about Oxford becoming (in consequence of these bequests) the University of the Empire—whatever that may mean. You think we envy you. Make your minds easy. We watch your exultation with amusement—that's all. Let me ask you a question. In what way do you think the addition of two or three hundred young gentlemen from the Colonies, from the United States, and from Germany, is going to affect the traditions and the atmosphere of Oxford? You know enough, or ought to, about a University to know that there is no human aggregation so serene, so stable, so little subject to the ordinary shocks that distract the greater world as a University. Oxford (you may allow a Cambridge man to say this much in admiration) has held on her way through the ages, preserving her culture, her fashion of thought, her influence, while around her, Empires and kingdoms have tottered and fallen, wars have been fought out, and men of large minds, who kept their fingers on the pulse of the markets, have piled up their millions. Is it to be supposed that the young barbarians—I mean no offence—from Woolloo-Moolloo, or the wild and untutored children of the bounding prairie, or the pipe-sucking, beer-nurtured products of the Fatherland, even if they come in their hundreds—which I venture

to doubt—are going to transform your hoary old home of lost causes into the semblance of their own ideals, supposing them to have any? The idea is preposterous. These youngsters will have their £300 a year, having been selected for manliness and truthfulness and popularity. They'll find their level amongst your own young men. If they are really decent fellows they'll do well enough; if they're prigs they'll meet the fate of prigs—but in any case they'll influence Oxford no more than ROGER or THOMAS or RICHARD or JOHN, the sons of ordinary British parents, who go year by year to one of your distinguished Colleges and pass through the usual University course. Oxford will still remain Oxford, and that at any rate we may be thankful for. Occasionally there'll be paragraphs in the papers reminding one of those stock headings, 'Assault by a Magistrate,' and 'Strange Conduct of a Barrister.' We shall learn that 'A Rhodes Scholar screws up a Dean,' or the world will be asked to wonder at 'A Rhodes Scholar in the Police Court,' or to note how 'A Rhodes Scholar pleads Infancy.' But, beyond that, I doubt if Oxford life will be very different owing to the presence of Mr. RHODES's beneficiaries.

"And, as to ourselves at Cambridge, why, I fancy we shall be able to rub along quite comfortably, thank you. If I may use a commercial expression, we've got our own line of Australians and Canadians and Americans, and even of Afrikaners, and I think we shall be able to continue business at the old shop in the old style without any of the new-fangled additions that Mr. RHODES has conferred upon Oxford. I'll wager that when fifty years are past we shall still be able to meet you on the river, at cricket, at football, nay, even at chess and billiards, on the same terms of average equality. And in after life we shall still manage to compete. Farewell."

NOVELTIES IN CLUBS.

[*"The Ladies' Army and Navy Club is now an established fact."**Daily Paper.*]

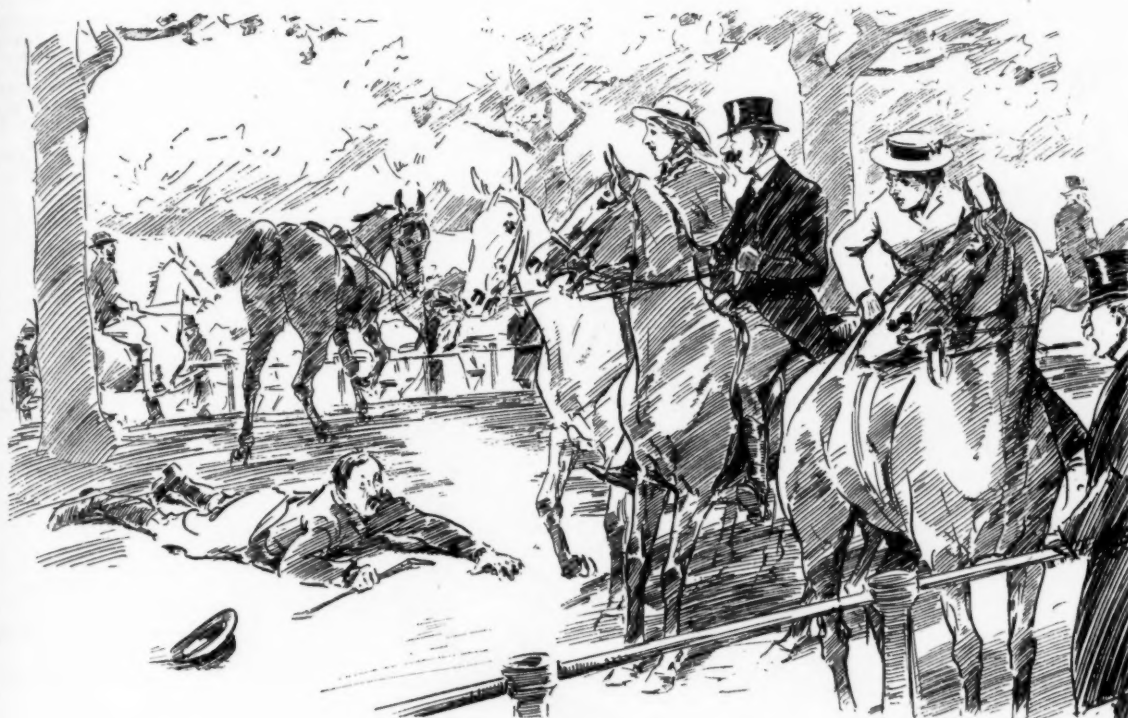
The Ladies' "Athenæum."—This club, it is confidently expected, will be opened when any members can be obtained. Candidates need have no literary qualifications, but must have written at least one successful novel—preferably under a male *nom de plume*. They must also have revealed this fact, in strict confidence, to an interviewer.

The Ladies' "Conservative."—The object with which this club is to be formed is immaterial. It will offer, however, as special attractions, an extensive cigarette-room, a fencing saloon, and a Ping-Pong gallery. Dances will be given once a week while Parliament is sitting.

The Ladies' "Travellers."—Any lady who can prove that she has travelled from Bond Street to the Marble Arch by the "tuppenny-tube" will be considered eligible for election to this club. Original members need only produce a punched omnibus ticket.

The Ladies' "Turf Club."—This club has been formed for the purpose of meeting the requirements of those ladies who may find the sporting element, which "Bridge" has introduced into other clubs, objectionable. Candidates must vouch that they have lunched on the box-seat of a drag or at least worn a "covert-coat."

The Ladies' "Bachelors."—The formation of this club has been abandoned owing to the overwhelming number of applications that have been received from mistaken applicants.



IN THE ROW.

Ungrateful Pupil (to Riding-Master). "NOW, WHAT ARE ALL YOUR FINE LESSONS WORTH?"

O FORTUNATOS AGRICOLAS.

(In view of the proposed substitution of a motor service for omnibuses.)

I was always rather timid, and in infancy I cried
When nurse or mother left me for a moment in the dark,
When they took me out, securely in my p'rambulator tied,
I was frightened of the preacher's perorations in the Park.

When to indiscretion's period I ultimately grew,
And studied with attention the philosophy of suits,
I often rode in hansom cabs (it was the thing to do),
But my heart was seldom absent from the region of my boots.

When my razor—toy no longer—had become a daily dread
That reminded me of onomatopœic SISYPHUS,
I adjusted my convictions, while I earned my daily bread,
And I left the rapid hansom for the economic 'bus;

Which I found extremely frugal and inevitably sure,
And I heaped immortal praises on the shade of SHILLIBEER
While I travelled over London, feeling totally secure,
Having lost my salad dressings, my extravagance and fear.

Now I tremble to discover the authorities are bent
On preventing things remaining just precisely where they are,
And I dread the substitution for my previous content
Of the nerve-destroying terrors of a motor-driven car.

I abhor the very notion of the terrifying bangs
That will mar the solemn silence of St. James's Street in May,

When a cogwheel or a button in its wild gyration hangs,
Or the petrol is exhausted and the motor stands at bay.

Or the moments when conductors crawl distracted underneath
To fiddle with arrangements which they fail to understand,

While I make my preparations (having nerved myself for death)
To be blown by an explosion from Victoria to the Strand.

Oh, the motor omnibus
Is the very thing for us,
For it brings an expectation
Of the instant decimation
Of a crowded population with the minimum of fuss.

CRYPTIC UTTERANCE.

A WITNESS in a recent case observed that his attention had been drawn to a certain Company as "one out of which he could make some money." This oracular advice the witness evidently failed to understand, as the Company in question "into which" he went was an occasion of considerable loss to him. But if he had only rightly appreciated the advice, viz. that it was a Company "out of which he could make some money," he might have stayed out of it and gone into something else, and won, or might have been contented with his comfortable status in quo.



First Village Dame. "DID I BRING YOU BACK THAT BASKET YOU LENT ME LAST WEEK?"

Second Dame (emphatically). "NO, INDEED, YOU DID NOT."

First Dame. "THAT'S A PITY, FOR I JUST CAME ROUND TO BORROW IT AGAIN!"

WHITMONDAY THOUGHTS.

ALAS that, while St. Lubbock calls
His devotees to sport and play,
And while the British workman falls
(In bulk) to keeping holy day,
Some cannot shirk
Their weight of work,
Nor dare their inward calls obey.
For while the glad excursionist—
With joy so great it borders pain—
Is seeking—cheerful optimist—
A day's diversion in a train,
It must be hard
On driver, guard,
And station staff to stand the strain.

And ye who watch the feats of Fry
While Flannelled Folly capers round,
Or to the famed enclosure hie
Where DARLING and his men are found,
Remember those
Whose labour goes
That your enjoyment may abound.

And ye who idly scan this page
With lightsome heart and heavy
purse,
Let kindly thoughts your minds engage
For one whose destiny is worse,
Who writes to-day,
While others play,
Some simple unassuming verse.

"WE ARE THE PEOPLE."

[The first number of a review, bearing the title *The Oxford Point of View*, has recently been published under the direction of certain undergraduate members of the University of Oxford. Its chief object is to reflect the attitude of 'those that are coming after' towards literature and art, politics and religion, sport and the drama.]

I WANDERED down the cloistered High
At midnight. Solitary I.
No footfall on the flagstones rang,
No reveller belated sang,
No proctor in the shadows prowled,
No nimble-footed bull-dog growled.
Around me, lapped in silence deep,
Lay moonlit colleges asleep.
I paused beneath St. Mary's spire
To mark her gilded vane afire
With fairy-like illumination.
And while I watched, the first vibra-
tion—

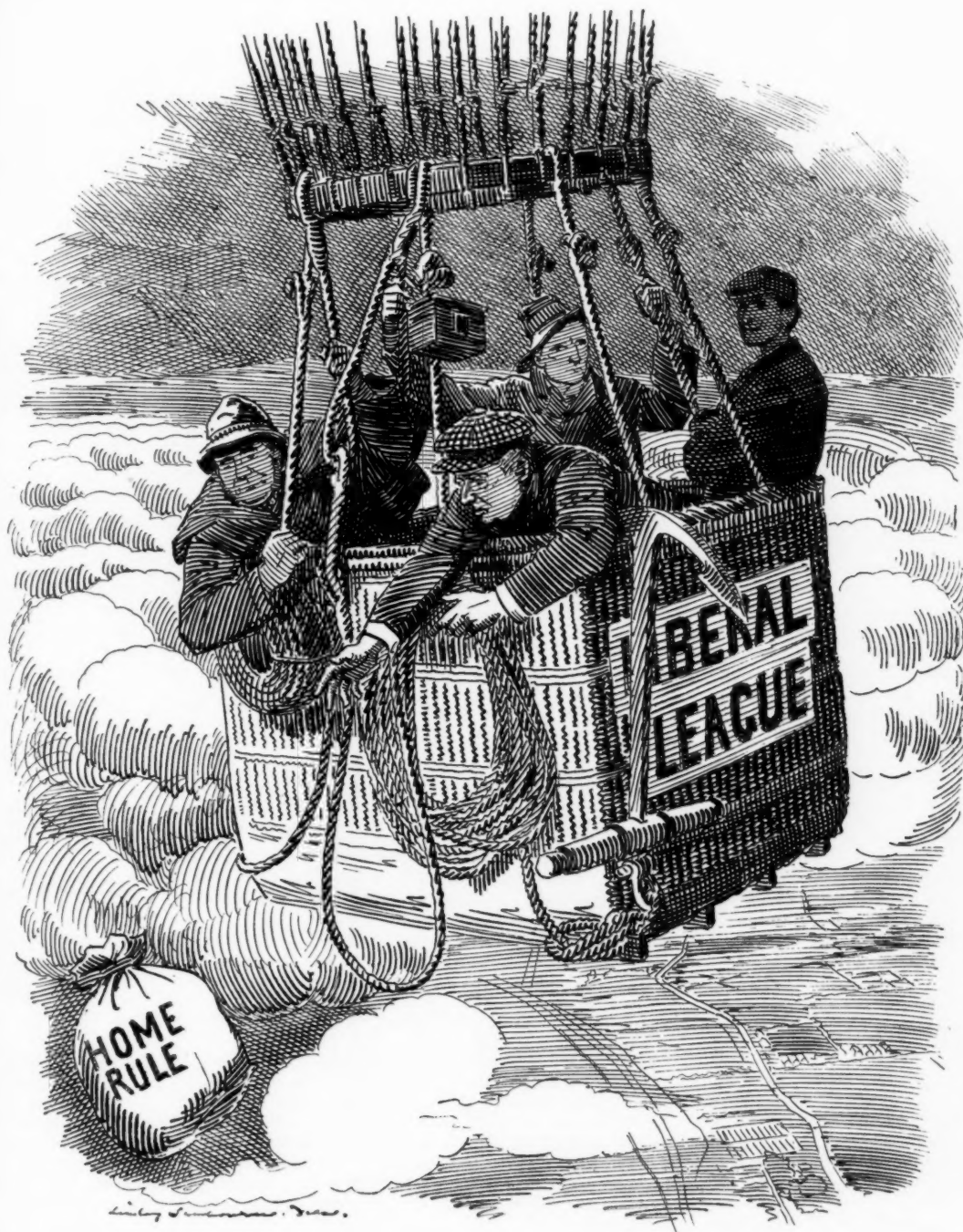
The herald of the organ's peal—
Deep in my heart I seemed to feel.
I listened. Slowly swelled the note.
Sweet harmony began to float
In tuneful cadences, and stole
Melodious upon my soul;
And as it mounted high and higher
A silver-voiced angelic choir
Their music raised 'mid arches
groined,
And with the trembling organ joined:

Where shines the light?
Where never cometh night
Blinding the sight
And leaving nothing clear?
Where doth the ray
Of knowledge shine alway,
Making night day?—
You ask where shines it?—Here!

Here, where Cherwell meets the
Isis,
In this fortune-favoured spot,
Ruled by proctors, dons and Vices,
Ignorance intrudeth not;
In the grounds of every college
Flourisheth the tree of knowledge.

Ours it is to eat the apple
Growing on that sacred tree.
And in college, hall and chapel,
Learn the *omne scibile*;
Ours, and ours alone, to kindle
Culture's torch, nor let it dwindle.

'Tis true benighted mortals say
More 'Varsities there are
Than *Alma Mater*, old and grey,
Beside the willowy Cher.
Cam crawls along her classic "Backs,"
And Liffey, Clyde and Dee,
Learned and academic wax
Or ere they reach the sea.
Yet with the tongue, the oar, the
pen,
The learned sock, the art of WREN,
We only are the coming men—
We are posterity!



IN THE CLOUDS.

FIRST AÉRONAUT. "THAT 'LL MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON THE COUNTRY, I THINK."

SECOND AÉRONAUT. "I WONDER IF IT WILL STRIKE THE MAN IN THE STREET?"

THIRD AÉRONAUT. "WE DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING MUCH HIGHER ALL THE SAME."

FOURTH AÉRONAUT. "PERHAPS WE 'VE LET OFF TOO MUCH GAS!"





AT THE HYDRO.

Lady Di. "BUT, IF YOU'RE SUCH A MARTYR TO GOUT, WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE NEW HYGEIA POWDERS THAT ARE SO EXTENSIVELY ADVERTISED? THEY DID MY HUSBAND A WORLD OF GOOD."

Decayed Millionaire. "AH!—BUT I AM THEIR WRETCHED PROPRIETOR!"

ARTISTS AT BOW STREET.

II.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT, R.A., 45, appeared in the dock to answer two charges, which were taken in the following order:—

Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS stated that he had been instructed by the Treasury to proceed against Mr. SARGENT for according preferential treatment to Scandinavian scenery by exhibiting a Norwegian landscape in the New Gallery, to the neglect of the British Isles and the prejudice of the tourist industry. Mr. SARGENT, he continued, was understood to be a portrait painter, and his incursion into the domain of landscape might fairly be construed as an act of trespass. On that point, however, he did not propose to insist. The present charge was that of depreciating the scenery of the United Kingdom as a national asset by the advertisement of Norway as a holiday resort.

The Hon. HORACE PLUNKETT, President of the Irish Tourist Association, stated

that a Hibernian landscape by Mr. SARGENT, if treated with his accustomed *bravura*—

Sir THOMAS LIPTON (from the Bench). What is *bravura*?

Mr. PLUNKETT said that he understood *bravura* to be a musical term, but the critics were unanimous in applying it to the style of Mr. SARGENT, possibly because his second name was SINGER. Resuming, he declared that a Hibernian landscape by Mr. SARGENT would have added at least 10,000 to the number of visitors to Ireland this summer, or, to put it in another way, would have increased the earnings of Irish Railway Companies, hotel-keepers, and car-drivers by £150,000. This diversion of English capital into foreign channels was most unpatriotic, and there was grave suspicion that the services of Mr. SARGENT had been secured by a Scandinavian Salmon Fishery Syndicate.

Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL corroborated the previous witness. He was, he added, a strenuous advocate for separation, but

in this particular he had no desire to "cut the painter."

Mr. SARGENT, who conducted his own defence, indignantly protested that his action in the matter was entirely disinterested.

Mr. OLAF TRYGGVASON, the Secretary of the Viking Club, deposed that no pressure had been put upon Mr. SARGENT.

Dr. IBSEN, whose evidence was taken on commission, stated that he had never heard of Mr. SARGENT.

Dr. NANSEN stated that Mr. SARGENT had resolutely refused his invitation to accompany him on his voyage in the *Fram*.

Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER deposed that all his efforts to get an exclusive option on Mr. SARGENT's work for his new Standard Oil Painters' Trust had been unavailing.

The Bench found Mr. SARGENT guilty, but congratulated the Norwegians on his racial preference. They sentenced him to be hanged as before, only more so.

The second charge against Mr. SARGENT was brought by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE, who appeared for the prosecution, observed that never in the entire annals of callousness had anyone shown such merciless indifference to the canine race as Mr. SARGENT had displayed in his already famous black picture, the group of the *Misses Hunter* (No. 229). The position of the dog in the foreground was not only unsafe but dangerous, as the strain imposed on the thyroid ganglia of the unfortunate animal, in order to prevent itself from rolling out of the picture, was heart-rending to contemplate.

Mr. CRUFT, of the Agricultural Hall, gave evidence as to the depreciating effect of such a posture on a pedigree animal. No dog that had been painted by Mr. SARGENT could ever get more than a "Highly Commended" at his show.

Other evidence having been given by Miss FRANCES POWER COBBE and the Secretary of Poodle's, Mr. STEPHEN PAGET replied for the defence. He said he would whistle for only one witness—the dog himself, who bounded into the witness-box and, catching sight of Mr. SARGENT, covered him with caresses. Subsequently, on being tested by the sphygmograph, its heart and main arteries were discovered to be in first-rate condition, and its bark much better than its bite.

The case was dismissed.

Mr. BACON, giving an address in St. John's Wood Road, was charged by Sir JOSEPH DIMSDALE and the City Fathers for turning the Guildhall into a common battery. It was estimated that in his picture of the *Return of the C. I. V.'s* (No. 217) no fewer than 1,173 khaki head-pieces were delineated with unflinching realism.

Mr. JNO. TILE, foreman of Messrs. LINCOLN AND BENNETT'S, stated that he had never seen so many hats in one room before, outside a factory. For his own part, he thought silk hats would be much more picturesque, but there was no doubt that Mr. BACON had caught the tint of the khaki wonderfully well.

Sir GEORGE ANDERSON CRITCHETT, oculist, deposed that the effect of the picture upon the eye was bewildering and fatiguing. As a restorative he would recommend the steady contemplation of the vast regions of Sir LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA'S frame (No. 201).

Professor HUBERT VON HERKOMER said that Mr. BACON was hardly to blame. Censure should fall rather on himself for showing the way in his famous *Chelsea Pensioners* picture. As to

khaki being unpicturesque, he would merely draw attention to his own portrait of the *Earl of Albemarle* (No. 151).

The Bench imposed the fine of 1,173 crowns on Mr. BACON, which was promptly paid by Mrs. GALLUP.

OUR NATIONAL DECORATIONS.

(A Prophetic Vision.)

It was the day before the Coronation. The New Zealander—he was not MACAULAY'S, but an ordinary colonial cousin who had fought in South Africa—walked out to see what the dear old country was doing in the way of decorations for the great day. "What I do like," he remarked to his cousin, the Londoner, who accompanied him, "is patriotism. There's nothing like it, my dear fellow."

"Right you are," said the Londoner; "that's always my idea. Just now more than ever."

They walked along a street, full of poles and planks, and crowded with workmen fixing up paper flowers and red cloth with gilt fringe, and flags, and all the other decorations usually seen.

"Hullo," cried the New Zealander, "that Union Jack's wrong!"

"Is it?" said the Londoner. "I never know exactly how it ought to be."

"My good man," continued the New Zealander, addressing the workman, "that flag you're putting up is all wrong."

"*Non capisco, signore, non parlo inglese*," replied the man.

"I ought to have told you," said the Londoner, "that this part of the work is being done by an Italian firm. The City of Westminster gave the whole of their work to Messrs. FANTOCINI, or some such name, of Florence. But in this borough we decided not to give all the work to one firm, so we divided it into three parts. This, you see, is the Italian part." And he pointed to a placard inscribed "This labour is made by the Fratelli FERRARI of Milano."

"Oh!" said the New Zealander, and they strolled on, past a plaster statue of the King, bearing a remarkable resemblance to the late King VICTOR EMMANUEL, minus his exuberant moustache. Then they passed under a reproduction in cardboard of the Brandenburger Thor in Berlin, and found themselves in another street full of poles and planks, and crowded with workmen fixing up paper flowers, and red cloth with gilt fringe, and flags, and so forth.

"There's another Union Jack wrong," exclaimed the New Zealander; "they've left out St. Andrew's cross this time."

Can't you get that flag put right?" he added, addressing the workman.

"Bitte?" said the man. "*Ich verstehe nicht. Kann kein Englisch.*"

"My dear fellow," said the Londoner, apologetically, "I'm afraid we've got into the second division of the borough. Yes, we have, there's the name of the decorators." And there it was, on a very large board, "Economicaldecorationscompany of Berlin, MEYER, MÜLLER AND WEBER, Courtproviders."

"Rot!" remarked the New Zealander, and walked on rapidly.

He did not stop to look at the large number of German flags being bung up; he never noticed the coloured bust of Prince HENRY of Prussia, which a few skilful touches had transformed into one of the Prince of WALES; he disregarded the constant repetitions of "*Ich dien*," the motto best understood by the decorators; he hurried on the breathless Londoner through several streets, and under a reproduction in papier-mâché of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, and then he stopped.

"Hang it all," he exclaimed, "there's another! Did you ever see a Union Jack like that?"

"I—I don't think I ever did," gasped the Londoner, "but then I never know—"

"For Heaven's sake," the other was saying to the workman, "don't put up that absurd thing!"

"Pardon, m'sieu," answered the man, "*comprends pas. Ben, oui, il n'y a personne ici qui parle anglais. Sommes tous Français.*"

"Oh, I say," remarked the Londoner, nervously, "I really believe we've got into the third division of the borough, and I seem to have an idea—"

But the New Zealander was pushing on through the poles and the planks, and among the workmen fixing up paper flowers, and red cloth with gilt fringe, and flags, especially the *tricolor*, and past a copy of the "Parisienne" on the Porte Monumentale of the last Exhibition—she was being transformed into Britannia—and at last stood opposite a placard inscribed, "House of Paris. DURAND, father and son, artists-decorators."

"Hang it all!" cried the New Zealander, "where is the English work?"

"Well, you see," explained the Londoner, timidly, "we couldn't afford that. The English are out of the question. They are too expensive."

"And what about the Japanese, our new allies?" asked the other. "They might have designed, or done, something suitable in the way of decoration."

"Quite impossible!" replied the Londoner. "They are too artistic."



FESTIVAL OF WITS-UNTIED. A BANK HOLIDAY IN GOBLIN LAND.



A WARNING TO WEARERS OF ARTIFICIAL FRUIT.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, May 10.—Good, but not great, performance of *Tannhäuser* in German, under the safe-conduct of Herr LOHSE, whose charming Frau was the admirable representative of the saintly *Elizabeth*. To-night's *Tannhäuser* was Herr KRAEMER-HELM, who was comparatively weak when compared with the *Venus*, who was STRONG,—Miss SUSAN "of that ilk." The voice of Herr KRAEMER-HELM might be satisfactorily heard in a theatre not so small as the Savoy nor so large as Covent Garden. M. PLANÇON, rich in notes as the Bank of England, was impressive as *Hermann*, the "Free and Independent" Elector, or whatever be the dignity he is supposed to impersonate. The *Wolfram* of M. RENAUD, "with a song," was pleasant, the scene where the Bards dispute a prize, with apparently the object of obtaining some "Royalty" on their publications (what a nuisance to everybody these minstrels must have been!) being far better than WAGNER's own burlesque of this situation in his *Meistersingers*. Their Gracious Majesties were again present, but not even in semi-state; and after a while the KING, attracted by pleasant memories, found his way down to the old-accustomed seat in the omnibus-box on the pit tier, which, as Prince of WALES, His Majesty used regularly to occupy during many past seasons that now make operatic history.

Mr. BRUCE SMITH's new scenery for *Tannhäuser* is worthy of all praise, the "Palace Interior" being so splendidly effective as to convey the idea of the painters and upholsterers having only just left off work for their Whitsun holiday, and that the Landgrave (or Elector?) *Hermann* with pretty

niece, the aforesaid saintly *Elizabeth*, has suddenly returned to his own again while yet the smell of the varnish is somewhat powerful.

Fortunately there is a good deal of open air space in this magnificent establishment, which at all times must be a trifle draughty; and this fact will probably account for a certain throatiness distinctly perceptible in the singers of that concerted piece in Act II., which, beginning with a single "number," swells gradually, as does a serial story in a magazine, into a "volume"—of sound.

Among much that is good this season in *Tannhäuser*, noticeable and laudable is the performance of Madame SOBRINO, who takes the audience completely by surprise when she appears as a shepherd-boy with a pipe in his mouth! Most realistic! She played both the little part and the little pipe charmingly. Whether the pastoral pipe was meerschäum, briar-root, or clay, it was, at a distance, difficult to determine, but anyway it was a very sweet pipe, artistically coloured, one that requires no "puffing" from anybody, least of all from Madame SOBRINO herself, who played at playing it, for, of course, like children amusing themselves, she was "only puttendin'."

Monday, May 12.—Encores *Lohengrin*. Unable to record any improvement in "Herr Pennyreading," as some casual person pronounced "PENNARINI." At first hearing, as may be remembered, we put him down as only half a tenner, i.e. a fiver, but perhaps it would be more just to his name to describe him as "Herr Ha'penny-rini." Still, as in ancient melodrama the villain used to say, "a time will come," so in melody-drama we may hope that a time, and a tune, will arrive when, put a Penny-rini in the slot and he will come out as a prize Master-singer. Madame NORDICA as *Elsa* and VAN ROOY as *Telramund*, in good form; while the vogling of Herr KLOPPER as *King Heinrich der Vogler* was quite equal to that of the former occupant of the throne, Herr BLASS. The pullers of the curtain had hard work with it after First Act, when it was hoisted four times, and after the Second, when it was raised three times in response to enthusiastic cheers. These invisible hands are the true "curtain raisers," at the Opera at all events.

Mlle. FREMSTAD makes *Ortrud*, instead of the Lady Macbethian kind of person usually represented, a rather saucy sorceress, far more likely to enchant the wicked *Telramund* than would be a lady with less powerful charms. *Carmen* ought to be in her line; but Whitsun intervenes; so, Mlle. FREMSTAD, we shall "see you later."

Tuesday, May 13.—Madame SUZANNE ADAMS a delightful *Marguerite*. *Habitues* rather astonished at novel arrangement of the back garden, but SUZANNE among the roses, while singing the *King of Thule* ditty, soon reconciled the elders to what may be termed, in the best "stage" sense, "a pretty piece of 'business.'"

Mlle. BAUERMEISTER's coquettish *Marthe* (near relative to *Juliette's* nurse), and PLANÇON's devilishly humorous and diabolically basso-Mephisto, are operatic joys for ever. Poor M. SALEZA emphasized the moral of *Faust* by going notably wrong. A jury of the House would have been on the side of *Mephistopheles* had *Faust's* fate depended on their verdict. Otherwise "Faust to last" (motto for the ever popular opera) satisfactory. No encores taken, as none were demanded.

Wednesday, May 14.—*Rigoletto*. *Rentrée* of Madame MELBA as *Gilda*; enthusiastic reception. Rarely has she ever sang, acted, or looked better. By the time Signor CARUSO, as *Il Duca*, had finished the duett with *Gilda* in Act II., it was evident to all that the new tenor had achieved success. M. RENAUD gave a dramatic rendering of the unhappy professional Court Jester, who makes such a fool of himself, but, at the end of his great scene in the Second Act, suiting the voice to the action, he fell a little flat. The House was



A BANK HOLIDAY SKETCH.

Facetious Individual (from carriage window). "CHANGE 'ERE, 'AVE WE? THEN KINDLY OBLIGE ME WITH A SARDINE-OPENER!"

crowded, the attractions being an old opera and a new tenor, both successful. *Il ira loin*. Signor MANCINELLI conducted, but the chorus (to-night it is of dissolute courtiers), though showing improvement on its previous performances, is far from the perfection for which, some few years ago, it was justly celebrated. Mme. LUNN, toasted by the dissolute Duke as *Maddelena*, deserves especial mention for her rendering of this miniature *Carmen*. The QUEEN and Princess VICTORIA present, and everybody highly delighted.

TEMPTATION.

Ah! tempt me not! The days are fled
When, steeped in ignorance and bliss,
I might consent, without this dread
Of Nemesis.

Time was (alas! how time does fly!)
When I with thee was well content:
Thou art the same, and only I
Am different.

They tell me thou art cold, and yet
That could not tarnish my delight.
Why should it, when it does but whet
My appetite?

What though thou still art sweet and good,
It is not mine thy charms to taste:

For most undoubtedly I should
Repent in haste.

Ah, no! Too well I know the pain,
The swift result, the slow remorse:
And though I ought not to complain
I should, of course.

And yet, perhaps, this once, in spite—
I know that it is risky, still—
I really almost think I might!
I must! I will!

What mean these pangs of vain regret,
This endless, aching, burning smart?
Not mine the fault! Thou hast upset
Me, apple-tart.

"BAEDEKER."

(By a returned Globe-Trotter.)

SATED with travel, back at home
I hug my coal fire, long denied me,
And shelve the too-familiar tome
For months beside me.

Far have I sped o'er slope and lea;
Conned customs national and tribal,
With Baedeker for breviary:
(Bradshaw for Bible.)

As I look back it fills the past,
Supreme as Alkorān or Veda;

Till in my brain-pan seethes a vast
Olla podrida

Of painters, pensions, coinage, stamps;
Of classic fanes sacked by the
Vandals;
Of RUSKIN and his *Seven Lamps*;
Of "extra" candles;

Of French *piquette* and Teuton *schnapps*
Of *cafés* noisomely absinthian;
Of Tuscan pillar, Gothic apse,
And frieze Corinthian;

Of Breton coif and Moorish veil,
Whereat our Western beauty boggles;
Of Spanish step, and Rhenish tale;
Of tinted goggles;

Of Chillon's keep and Rousseau's isle
(Dished up with stale Byronic stanzas);
Of Como's curtsies and the smile
That is Pallanza's;

Of Roman wolves in bondage born,
And Bernese bears of portly habit,
Whose sloth would suscite the scorn
Of a tame rabbit!

A truce! . . . In lifelong chaos hurled,
Slaves to some spell that o'er them
hovers,
My brain—my soul—my self—my world
Lie 'twixt those covers.

TALKS WITH MY BEDMAKER.

II.—PRESIDENT LOUBET'S VISIT TO RUSSIA.

It was a wet afternoon, and the knowledge that I should soon be able conscientiously to credit myself with two hours' solid work between luncheon and tea had plunged me into a profound slumber. Mrs. BURBRIDGE's war-dance round the tea-table as she skirmished with the cups and saucers mingled uneasily with my dreams, till I was suddenly awakened by what I at first took to be a salvo of artillery, and realised that she was standing before me, cheerfully contemplating what had once been a china tea-pot of the willow pattern.

"Lor, Sir," she was exclaiming, in the tones of one narrating an interesting experience, "that come a-two in my 'ands, that did, which I 'adn't 'ardly set foot inside the door afore I felt as something were bound to 'appen, though what it were I no more knowed than the babe unborn, for I never was no prophet; not even when they brought pore BURBRIDGE 'ome with the scarlet fever and I put 'im under the pump for the usuals, same as 'e always 'ad Saturday nights, and I'm that nervus ever since the pore President was shot I didn't ought to be trusted with crockery. Which I've always said as them 'orrid ennerchists does more 'arm than they intends to—though that 'ud be enough for most—wearin' out the nerves of thousands as they 'ave not so much as 'eard or dreamt of, though the 'igher you gets the 'igher you pays, and it's thankful I 'ave always been as my station in life is lowly, and I wouldn't change it, no, not if was ever so, though many 's the chances as I 'ave 'ad of so doin'."

"They do say, too, as them ennerchists is gettin' more frequent than what they used to be, but I always says as I don't wonder at it either, seein' the chances they gets nowadays, which them as are in 'igh places ought to be thankful to be able to set there quiet, and not go rampagin' up and down like so many Wanderin' Jews, meaning nothink irreverent or disrespectful, which I 'ope it will not be took as any such. First it was the Prince of WALES (though 'e were only Duke of York when 'e done it), and then that pore Prince 'ENERY, as ain't no more than the German Geyser's traveller, in a manner of speakin', and now I read in the paper as the French President is just hof to visit the Rooshan Zar, all among them 'orrid Nilists as tried to keep us out of Egypt and give it to the French, though 'im bein' a foreigner already it won't be so much of a change for 'im, I suppose. Why, when my pore uncle as was first 'ad to go to Paris on business



THE ARAB AND HIS NEW MOUNT.

Arab sings (modern version).

"DON'T GIVE ME BACK MY ARAB STEED!"

along o' gettin' the patterns for that there Louey Quince furniture as was in great demand, 'im being in the furniture-trade 'isself and much respected, 'e couldn't 'ardly believe it were a Christian country, till one day 'e saw one o' them turnkeys in the street a-windin' up the water, just like wot they do in Cambridge 'ere, which 'e were that hoverjoyed 'e nearly did 'isself a injury, along of not knowin' a word of the language nor where to go for 'is pint of usual.

"And I see as there 'll be bonfires and illuminations, and flags 'ung out as plentiful as a circus' washing-day, and 'e 'll wear a Rooshan uniform, and the Zar 'll 'ave a French one, so as they can pretend as each really belongs to the other's country, which is nothing but painted mockeries such as I never could abide. And it's just the old story of the frog as bust 'isself tryin' to look like a bull, as I used to learn in the hinfant school, only this time it's a bear—though bulls or bears there ain't much difference as far as I can see, both being hugly and very perilous—and it's the borroing of clothes as I never would 'ave nothing to do with, low as I 'ave sometimes been, and owing much to the kindness of neighbours. as I am not above confessing, and 'ope I never shall be, though now it's them as does the harsking, and me that 'as to shut the

door in their faces, which it can not be 'elped in these 'arsh times, though I feels it more than many would, 'avin' so to do."

Here I murmured something about the "Franco-Russian Alliance" and the "necessity of international courtesies," which merely served to divert the stream of Mrs. BURBRIDGE's eloquence without in the least impeding its flow.

"Which it's just these alliances and such-like as I objects to, though we're as bad as any on 'em, makin' treaties with them 'eathen Japanese as is too like monkeys to be pleasant accordin' to my way of thinkin', and they do say as their Hemperor is called the Mike-Arder, and it stands to reason a name like that 'ud never 'ave been given 'im for nothing. War is war, and as such I am not agin it occasional, but it's all this sneakin' round by the back-door and shakin' 'ands behind the counter as is what I can't abear, no, nor never could. Lor, why there's that WOODMAN a-hollerin' for 'is tea-things already, and 'im only just finished luncheon, which you hundergraduates do 'ave the happettes of a Tarantula, as I 'ave often said, and we ought to 'ave as many legs, waiting on you continual with never a minute for so much as to pass the time of day in, though I ain't one for wastin' words, goodness knows!"